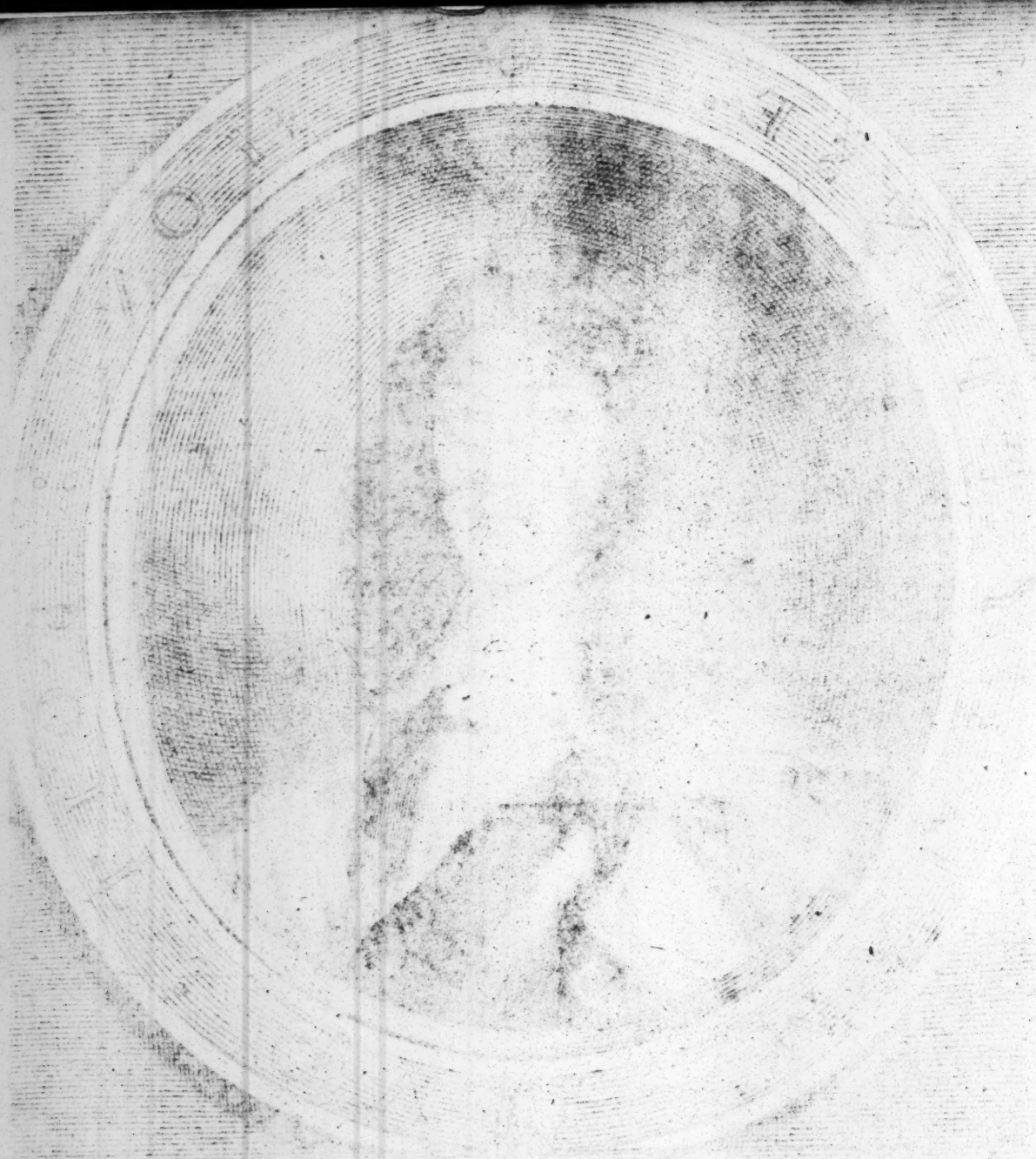




G. Faithorne sculp.



THE
PORTRAIT
OF HIS
MAJESTY
Charles the Second.

Faithfully taken to the LIFE.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Creak.* 1660.

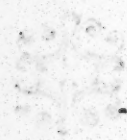
THE
PORTRAIT

MAJESTY

Charles the Second.

Engraving taken from the LIFE.

1680



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Creak. 1680.



The Portrait of His MAJESTY,
CHARLES the II.

Kings like the Sunne, in their full Majesties,
Are too Resplendent bright for subjects eyes;
Nor without dazling can their weaker sight,
Sustain the force of so much glorious light.

But when Ecclipt, then every one can see
(Without that splendor,) what their persons be.

In which Conjunction who so e'r has seen

• This sunne of ours, may well affirm of him,

His Person's such, as he for that alone

(His Birth away) deserves the Royal Throne;

Such Majesty appears in't, and such Grace

(Both awing and delighting) in his Face,

Without those Kingly Robes Adorn the Throne,

The Portrait

H' appear more King, then those who have them on:
His Statur's Tall, and of the comlyest make,
His Visage ovall, his Heyr thick and Black,
In ample Curles, on's Shoulders falling down,
Adorning more his Head, then any Crown.
His Eyes are Lively, full of Flame and Sprit,
And of that colour, most delights the sight :
Royal, and largely featur'd all the rest,
Declaring largnesse of his Royal Breast;
And of so healthful Constitution,
As he had Articled with Sicknesse, none
Should e're molest and grieve him, nor he'e're
By'excesse provoke them. to which much confer,
His wonted Exercises, who in all
The Noblest, Gallants, and most Martial,
Who er's most Excellent, so far Excels,
He's King in them, as he's in all things else :
(And who'd be absolute in every thing
As well as Birth and Power, shou'd be a King)

Nor

of his Majesty.

Nor shall you er'e in any person find
A greater strength of body and of minde;
Which with long Travail, h'as improved so,
He knows what er'e befits a Prince to know;
Not learnt from th' dead, but from the World & Men
Those Living Authors, and h'as studyed them,
So as each Nations wisdom he dos know,
And each on's Language to expresse it too.
~ Whence he compar'd to other Princes, sit
Dully at home, and nothing know but it,
Seems just like some huge *Gallyon* dos come
From farthest *Indis*, richly laden home,
Compar'd to some poor *Hoy*, or *Bylander*
Then their own shores, & coasts, ne'r further wear,
And never none to Fortune more did owe,
Then to misfortune he, for being so.
For moral vertues then, ha's every one
In their full splendors and perfection,
Justice, not Clouded with severity,

Nor

The portrait

Nor Temperance, with fowr austerity;
And ne'r in none more Courage was, nor more
Wisdom and Prudence, with less vanity, nor
With lesser Artifice. And o'r's passions he
Commands so sovereignly and absolutely,
It shewes him King over himself, as well
As over others. nor dos he less excell
In civill vertues, which adorn no less
The Royall Throne, as mildness, gentleness,
Ravishing swetnesse, debonarity,
Obligingnesse, and affability,
That more dos conquer with a gentle word,
Then ever any Conquer'd by the Sword,
Acquiring ~~by~~ absolute Dominion
And Sovcreign sway o'r hearts of every one.
Mean time he is so cheerfull and so gay
None from his presence er'e went sad away,
Nor yet could all his troubles nor his cares
Render him less Gay and cheerfull, which declares
his

of his Majesty.

His mind's above them all, and h'as within
Him, somewhat higher then the beeing KING,
Just like the highest Region of the Aire
'Bove Storms and Tempests, nor could Fortune er'e,
Eclipse his mind. For Courtly vertues then
In which Kings too, should excel other Men,
As far as Courts, do other Houses, he
Appears in every one, to Excellency,
Daunces so admirably as your Eye
As well as Ear's all charm'd with Harmony,
Understands Musick, Poetry and Wit,
And none knows better how to judge of it :
In fine, in every thing that curious is
No'ns tast was e'r more delicate then his,
And as he is a King 'mongst Courtiers, so
'Mongst Ladies, he's both King and Courtier too.
How happy are his subjects then, t'have one
For King, Heaven seems t'have chosen King, alone
To make them happy? one, they need but pray

That

of his Majesty:
That as ha's born Adversity, he may
But bear prosperity as well, and then
As still ha's been, he'll be the best of Men.
One, finally in whom ye united finde
(Besides his Birth, his person, and his mind)
All that, which found in others one by one
Raife them to height of Admiration,
The Wise, the Valliant, the Majestical,
The Milde, the Gallant, and the Kingⁱⁿ all.
More Glorious are his sufferings then, and more
Injurious Fortune, persecutes him for
His Royal Birth alone, who had he been
Born private Man, deserv'd to be a King.
Such is her ignorant blindnesse, dos not know
His eminent worth whom she disfavours so,
Would find, wear she unveyld and could but see,
None e'r deserv'd her favours more then he.





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